

C: Here begynneth
the lyfe of saynte. Margarete.





Here begynneth offaynt Margarete
The bleisid lyfe that is so swete
To Iesu Christ the is full dere
If ye wyll lytten ye shall here
Hethen nowe vnto my spell
Of her lyfe I wyll you tell
Olde and yonge that here be
Lytten a while vnto me
What I shall vnto you saye
Howe it befell vpon a daye
Of a virgen fayre and swete
Whose name was Margarete
Her father was a nobell clarke
And a man that coude of moche werke
Also a man of hye degre
There myght no where no better be
In Antioche he had a wyfe
Bothe were hethen all theyr lyfe
He was a man of greate power
And of all the lande gouernour
Fals he was of his laye
Agaynst god bothe nyght and daye
Theodosius was his name
A noble man and of greate fame
He had knowlege longe before
That he shoulde haue a daughter borne
As the scripture had hym tolde
And whan that he waxed olde
That he shuld charyshed be
And beleue vpon the Trinite

S. Margarete.

A. ii.

One onely god that he bere bought
And all this worlde made of nought
Her father commaunded longe befozene
That anone as she was bozne
Unto the dethe she shulde be brougt
In what wyse he ne tought
But her mother that her bare
Hade for her full moche care
And bethought her befozne
That anone as she was bozne
In to Araby she shulde be sent
The messenger with her fourthe went
Unto a nouryce that was there
For to put her for to lere
And he toke with hym spendynge
For to kepe that fayre thyng
And she her kept there in dede
And nouryshe her in her nede
She waxed fayre and comly of chere
And of coloure fayre and cles
All her loued in that countre
Olde and yonge that myght her se
And whan she waxed moze in age
Hauyng good wyt and knowelege
She toke her into crystes loze
And beleued on hym euer moze
The father/ sone/ and holy goost:
Lord and kyng of myghtes most
That heuen and erth and all wrought
In hym she set all her thought

The nouryce that her kept fro despayre
Had seuen chyldren that were fayre
And she kept her chyldren seuen
The eyght was chrystes mayde of heu:en
Full good tales coulde she tell
Both of heuen/and of hell
And what they shulde haue to mede
As they deserued here in dede
And howe they suffred martyrdom euen
Both saynt Laurence/and saynt Steuen
And many other sayntes mo
How they suffred payne and wo
And martyrdom they gan take
And all for Iesus chrystes sake
Of many sayntes she tolde the lyfe
Bothe to man chylde and wyfe
And whan she was fyftene yere olde
She was a fayre mayde/and a bolde
Her nouryce let her to kepe
In the felde all her shepe
Her felowes gan her to beholde
Whan she her prayers make wolde
Howe she her prayers began to make
And to Iesu chryst her betake
There was in that countre a kynge
A noble man of greate conynge
He was a pryncce of nobell myght
Olibrius that kynge byght
All thys as I you tell
Was his owne to geue and sell

S. Margarete

A.iii.

And he serued bothe day and nyght
His fals goddes 3 you behyght
He serued euer the deuell of hell
And chriſten men dyde he quell
From Antioche vnto Aſy
Ben myles mo than fyfty
Euer to dyſtroye chriſten men
He dyde euer his power then
What with warre and what with ſtryfe
He left but fewe people on lyfe
Than it befell vpon a daye
As he rode by the waye
He ſawe that louely mayden cleue
Keepynge ſhepe vpon the grene
Anone he commaunded a knyght
For to fetch her to hym ryght
The knyght went anone her to
And ſayd ſhe muſt with hym go
The mayde that was ſo mylde of chere
Anſwered hym as ye ſhall here
And ſayd ſhe had nothyng to do
Out of that grounde with hym to go
She prayed hym for his courteſye
To paſſe his waye and let her be
And ſhortly this tale to tell
He went from that damſell
And came to Olibrius the kynge
And tolde hym that plike thyng
That ſhe wolde nat come hym to
For nothyng that he myght do

But they shuld wyth her make stryfe
And her threte vpon her lyfe
To Iesu Christ gan she call
That suffred deeth for vs all
That he wolde her defende
That no carolyn shulde her shende
And besought hym of his grace
Her to socour in euery place
And sayd for thy loue wll I dye
And leue all worldly company

Olibrius speketh

¶ Than spake syr Olibrius

And to his men he sayd thus

Of all the men that I haue here

None of them can byrnye her nere

If I had her to me brought

Full sone shulde I change her thought

She shulde vpon my goddes beleue

Or full soze I shulde her greue

They went agayne vnto the mayd

And to her thus they sayd

Thou must come anone with vs

To our kynges syr Olibrius

But if thou come withoute stryfe

We shall bereue the of thy lyfe

She went with them meke and still

Vnto the kynges agaynst her wll

And full sayre she gan hym grete

He askyd her name and she sayd Margarete

He sayd/ if thou be bozne fre

For sothe my lemman shalte thou be
I wpll haue the to my wyfe
And lyue in toye all thy lyfe
Golde and ryches I wpll the gyue
All the whyle that thou mayste lyue
She sayd to hym anone than
I wpll haue none erthely man
But for the loue of Jesu alone
I wpll take baptisme at the founte stone
For soth I wpll hym neuer forsake
For none erthely man to take
Than anone to her besayd
We dyde Jesu chryste to deed
And dyde strayne hym vpon the rode
Tyll he shedde bothe water and blode
And crowned hym with a crowne of thorne
If thou beleue on hym thou arte forloze
To hym she sayd anone ryght
Syz he is a man full of myght
For we shulde haue hym in mynde
That dyed on the crosse for all mankynde
He rose from dethe/ and to hell wene
The syndes power to haue hent
And many soules fet out there
That longe befoze in paynes were
To stryue wpth her he founde no bote
But dyd bynde her hande and fote
And caste her in pryson stronge
For to ouertome her with wronge
Mayde Margarete all that nyght

In pryson laye with moche berynghe
On tye moze we the soche to laye
He sent for her whan it was daye
They brought her befoze Olibrius
And vnto her he sayd thus
Margarete belyue vpon our loze
O: I shall greue the full soze
Thy goddes that thou doost on belyue
Shall not saue the fro my greue
Crowe on me and be my wyfe
And lyue in ioye all thy lyfe
All Antyoche and Alve
After my dethe I geue it the
Sylke and golde purple and pall
I wyll the wedde in tempel royall
Well furred with riche armine
In all this worlde is none so fyne
And Jesu Christ put out of thy thought
Naye she sayd that wyll I nought
Jesu wyll I neuer forsake
For all that is in erthe ymake
Olibrius sayd / it wyll be lene sone
What thy goddes wyll for the done
He bad his men I understande
To take and bynd her fote and hande
They bet her bothe man and wyfe
And fast wither her they made stryfe
Tyll the reed blode fell a downe
To the fote to the thorne
Tyll they wend she had ben dede

M. Margarete,

B. 1. 34.

a 14. a.

So fast on her they layde
Than sayd Diabylus there he stode
Margarete thynkest thou this good
Beleue on my loze and be my wyfe
And I wyll nomoze weth the styfe
Haue mercy on thy fayre fleshe
And on thy skynne that is so neshe
To Iesu Christ she called than
That on a tre dyed for man
And of a byrgyn was bozne
For mankynde shulde nat be lozne
These paynes that I suffer and swynke
Be full swete to me as me thynke
All the paynes that I here dyue
Be swete to me as ony thyng a lyue
Diabylus sayd to his sergeauntes tho
She greueth nothyng of all this wo
For all these paynes that doth her greue
She wyll not on our goddes beleue
He bad his sergeauntes euerychone
That they shulde tourment her anone
The sergeauntes dyd as he them bad
Full lytell more on her they bad
With theyr nayles they her drew
Lyke as houndes had her to knowe
And her eyne that were so bryght
They put out and matted her syght
They dyd her moche payne and wo
They rente the skynne that was so
Many of the peple that was there

In thep hartes these full shep
And sayde to her standynge there
Whan they sawe her so to tere
Fayre mayden Margarete
That is so lowely and so swete
Turne to hym and be his wyfe
And with hym make nomore streyfe
Margarete for the we haue care
And wolde that thou sauid were
After you she sayde I will not do
Go your waye she sayd me fro
All that dothe for me repent
And syeth me haue this tourmente
As they thynke bothe good and yll
They shall be quyt after they will
The Angell of god came her to
As faste as he myght come and go
Chan he spake sye Diuinus
With wycked wordes saynge thus
Margarete I haue suche poste
That blynde now I haue made the
Before this thou haddest thy sight
Nowe hast thou none by my myght
Trowe vpon my goddys mayde
Say sye forsothe thus sayde
For the goddes that thou belewst on
They be downe trode yf thou
My lord to nede full hard
He shall neuer more of my paye
If thou hast now none my fleshe

S. Margarete.

B. II

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For to heuen she shulde be brought
There was no tonge that tell myght
The ioy that was made for her that nyght
With all the myrthes that is in heuen
There Margarete for to neuen
And by the grace of god almyght
Than anone she had her syght
The holy Jungell passed her fro
Of hym she sawe no more tho
She looked a lytell her besyde
And sawe a foule dragon by her glyde
That was of coloure graspe grene
With flamynge fyre soule on to sene
Out of his mouthe brenynge byght
She was a frayde of that syght
She fell downe to the grounde
For feere tremblynge in that stonde
He toke her in his mouthe anone
And swallowed her body and bone
And whan that he had so done
Than myght he no fether gone
But to bralke vpon the grounde
The mayde came out hole and sounde
And as it was Christes wyll
With in hym she had none yll
But vpon the dragon she stode
With glad harte and mylde moude
And thanked god of his myght
That she had ouercome that foule wyght
And vnderstoude well that it was

S. Margarete,

B. lii.

Throughe vertue of the holy crosse
That foule dragon was slayne there
Throughe goddes myght and her prayer
Inone she wente the dragon fro
And sawe a fouler come her to
A gtyfely best forsothe was he
So foule a thyng neuer man se
To hym she went I vnderstande
With the holy crosse in her hande
And smote hym so vpon the synnes
That he myght not abyde her dynnes
And she stroue with hym so longe
That throughe Christes myght so stronge
Downe to the grounde she hym cast
And with her wemple bounde hym so fast
In his necke she set her fore
To stryue with het he founde no botte
To hym she sayd I comite the
What thou arte thou tell me
Thou arte so lothely a thyng
What thou arte I wyl haue wetynge
For beest sawe I neuer none
So lothely to loke vpon
He sayd for thy lordes sake
I fro my necke thy fore thou take
I haue gone wyde by water and lande
Yet was I neuer so soze bounde
My ryght name hyght Belys
To lye to the no vayne it is
My brother hyght Belton that thou slepe

In the woode we dyd forowe pnothe
Busten and deed is my brother
And I am overcome I se none other
Whan we were bothe together
We made the spne to sle the father
And dystroyed the people dape and nyght
And dyde all the forowe that we myght
In dragons lykenes was I sent to the
To spyll thy wyt and make the mad to be
The cruell kynge Olbrius
In this saycon hath he sent vs
For to dystroye thy fayre body
With the crafte of locerpy
I maye not suffice this deyr longe
This harde payne that is so stronge
Wher waye is not in erthe in the wynde I se
For to dystroye all that I se
Where I wyll a woman with chylde
To her I went bothe woode and wylde
And if the chylde vncrystened were
Legge and arme I made croked there
Where ale or wyne were in towne
Therher I made me redy bowne
Therher I wolde make great haste
To tourn: it slowe and lese his taste
I wrought moche forowe and wo
I made one neyghbour an other flo
I went to the felde to the ploughe
And the beestes all to droughe
Where euer I wente I dyd moche care

It was my ioye there a boue to fave
Whan Salomon the wyse was a tyue
Into a tonne of brasse he dyd vs dyspue
And dyd bury vs vnder an hyll
In the grounde agaynst our wyll
Whan of Babylon cam vs to
And dygged vs out and let vs go
Whan we moued in the grounde
They wende treasure to haue founde
There be of vs in erthe fleyng
Who than. xv. W. with wyng
Some is swyfter than a do
And some is swyfter than a roo
Some be swyfter than a swalowe
And some be swyfter than an atowe
And all that on Christ byleue
We do them bere and soze greue
Bothe in towne and in felde
We deuoured man wyfe and chyld
We destroyed fruytes on erth growynge
And drowned shippes in the see saylynge
This was our laboure and our delyte
For to do chrysten people dyspyte
Now wotest thou what I am full well
As I haue tolde the euery dele
Than sayd Margarete to that foule wyght
I coniure the through godes myght
And in Chrystes holy name
That thou do neuer no more shame
But synke a downe in to hell

for euermore ther to dwel
Synke a downe thou foule fende
And there to a byde without end
He sank a downe throughe Chyistes myght
And by the prayer of that mayden byght
All this trouble had this holy mayde
In the castell where she was layde
In a daye for and a nyght
All this tronble had this swete wyght
She thanked god of his grace
That she had ouer come them in that place
The seconde daye at after none
Olibrius bad fetch her sone
The sergeauntes were to go
And out of pylson fet her tho
Than belpake sy Olibrius
And to the mayde he sayd thus
Margarete I praye nowe the
That thou wylte turue vnto me
She sayd cursed may thy goddes be
That on beleue thou woldest haue me
For thy goddes that thou beleuest in
They be cursed and full of synne
They be of Sathanas kynde
I wyl neuer haue them in mynde
Whan thou thynkest best on thy lyfynge
Vnto myschefe they wyl the bynge
Therefore I rede and counsell the
Beleue vpon my lozde that is so fre
That made the and me and euery man

Saynt, Marga.

C.1.

And moost of witte and vertue can
Therfoze beleue hym vpon
And be baptised at the font stone
He sayd to her in that stede
With a crowne of golde vpon his hede
My goddes be true and thyne betwong
Therfoze I byd the holde thy tonge
He sayd vnto his sergeantes than
I charge you every man
That ye poure vpon her hede
Boylunge oyle and boylunge lede
Scalde her from the hede to the fote
Tyll she tourne and aske bote
They tourmented her full soze
With oyle and lede euermoze
Tyll she swete bothe fleshe and fell
As it were water out of a well
Than spake they to this holy mayd
Beleue vpon our goddes they sayd
She layd from them I me defende
I beleue on Jesu that neuer shall haue ende
Cursed be they that on thy goddes thynke
Or of them wyte in paper with ynke
The holy crosse kepte her well
They had no power her to quell
He commaunded anone tho
In a fat of water she sholde be do
Therin he bad her drenchen
All her hete so; to quenche
Anone as she the water se

She thought ther in chaffened to be
And sayd in Chyistes holp name
Here I take baptysme and desye pour blame
Anone the thunder began to brast
The people fled a waye full fast
The Angels toke her out of the water than
In the syght of euery man
Than turned anone to her beleue
Many a thousande or it were eue
Bothe olde people and well lyke yonge
Turned to her for her saynge
To Jesu Chyist they turned blpue
Bothe man chyldre and wyfe
The kynges se a none ryght
Harme to her do none he myght
He called to Malcus that wasse
His manqueller in euery place
And bad hym that he shulde
Take her fast to his holde
And lede her out of the towne thence
And in fyre he sholde her byenne
And bynge her out of her lyfe
That she nomore with me stryfe
And whan she came to the steed
Where she shulde be done to deed
Moche people folowed her tho
Also fast as they myght go
Anone the cloudes wered blacke
And the thunder began to crake
The folkes were a scapde in that stonde

St. Margarete,

C.ii.

And for thy fell to ground
They were all a frayde tho
That they knewe neyther wele nor wo
Anone our lord the Angell sent
To the place there she shulde be brente
And sayd to her with mylde steuen
Blessed thou arte this daye in heuen
This daye thou shalte crowned be
In heuen befoze Chyistes imageste
Malcus hard the Angell speke
And thought to her he wolde hym meke
He kneled downe vpon the grounde
And cried her marcy in that stounde
Than he sawe in that place
The multitude of Angells that there was
He layde his swerde downe hym by
And asked her than marcy
Than spake that virgyn bryght
And sayd to hym a none ryght
Brother if thy wyll is to be
I lyttell whyle abyde thou with me
And let me make my prayere
To Iesu Chyist that bought me dere
And a none in this tyde
A waye with me thou shalte glyde
The father the sone and the holy goost
Lorde and kynge of myghtes most
That all this worlde made of nought
And mankynde full dere bought
Of a virgyn thou were bozne

For mankynd shoulde not be lozme
Jesu Christ I beseeche the
This daye a boone thou graunt me
All that in the name of the
That daye worshop and honoure me
Lette them neuer in paynes be bounde
Nor in deedly synnes be founde
All that my tourment here orde
Or in my name do almes dede
Jesu Christ gyue them to mede
The blyss of heuen for theyr dede
If any woman be with chylde
I praye to our lady meke and mylde
That of her payne she be vnbounde
And deliuered hole and sounde
Jesu Christ I beseeche the
Whan she calleth vnto me
That thou wylte her socoure
That the holy crosse dothe honoure
And all that worshop my daye
And honoure me as they maye
Or here my memoxy daye or nyght
Or with good herte gyue candell lyght
I beseeche the for thy gloxye
Lette them neuer in synne dye
Where so euer theyr bodies lye
Vpon theyr soules thou haue mercy
That the fende do them no scathe
Nothelate nor yet rathe
That bereth vpon them my lyfe

Neither man chyld ne wyfe
Our lord herde her prayer sone
And graunted her all her bone
And than he spake to Malcus
And to hym she sayd thus
She bad hym to fullfyll
The commaundement of his lordes wyl
He sayd naye for all this worlde to wyl
For I se the lord that thou beluest in
Sy she sayd do as I the bede
Take and synye of my hede
For god hath forgyuen it the
That I byd the do to me
For it is a gaynst thy wyl
His commaundemente to fullfyll
Into paradyse thou shalte wende
And there to be with outen ende
Malcus harde her saye this sawe
Anone his swerde gan he drawe
And her hede he smote of
As the lawe therto hym drofe
Michael Gabryell and Raphaell in fere
Cherubin & Seraphyn thousandes there were
With ioye and blysse and melodye
They bare her to heuen on hys
Byfore our lord they gan her bere
To hym she is bothe lyfe and dere
Thyoppe the greate clerke
Remembred her lyfe and warke
And made her lyfe in memoze

And who her nouryſhed in Alape
 Into Anthpore they her brought
 With good entente they wrought
 They let a chapell in her name
 And all that was ſyke oꝝ lame
 Theder faſte gan they gone
 Hle and ſounde home they come
 Throughe the grace of god almyght
 And the prayer of that mayden byght
 Jeſu gyue vs grace to lyue ſo
 To come to the blyſſe that he bought vs to
 The lyfe of ſaint Margarete I haue you red
 On a tewesday he was bothe quicke and deed
 Jeſu Chyiſt that heuen kyng
 Graunt them all his dere bleſſynge
 That this ſtoꝝy wyll haue in mynde
 And foꝝgete nothynge behynde
 Throughe the prayer of ſaynt Margatete
 That in heuen we maye mete
 Praye we all it maye ſo be
 Amen amen foꝝ charite.

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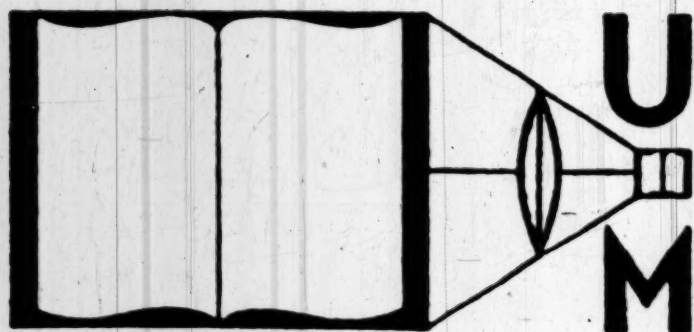
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